(75)

THE Second Part OF THE Notorious Impostor,

Compleating the History of the Life, Cheats, &c. of

William Morrell,

ALIAS

BOWYER,

Sometime of *Banbury*, Chirurgeon.

Who lately personated *Humphrey Wickham* of *Swackly*, in the County of *Oxon*, Esquire, at a Bakers House in the *Strand*, where he Died the third of *Jan.* 169$\frac{1}{2}$.

Together

With some further passages Relating to his Sickness and Death not before mentioned.

LONDON,
Printed for *Abel Roper* at the *Mytre* near *Temple-Bar*, 1692.

To the Church-Warden and Overſeer, Executors of the late Renowned Captain, &c.

GReat Names, and High Titles are always attended by a Train of Suitors and Addreſſors; and therefore, worthy Sirs, when this Epiſtle Dedicatory comes to Your Hands, pray do Your Selves and Us that Right, to accept it as no other than a piece of Homage to the Executors of the late Honourable Captain. Great Names did I ſay? Yes, Gentlemen Executors, Yours as Great as it is, is indeed but a Name. And conſidering what it has coſt you, give me leave to rebuke the hard World you live in, for envying You even that poor Feather in Your Cap, when You have almoſt paid as dear for the Honour, as the Court Fees for a Baronet. Nay, to have a cautioning Epiſtle too from Swackly, with no leſs Denunciation againſt You, than to command You to take Your High and Mighty Laſt Will and Teſtament from off the Prerogative Roll, or to anſwer the Refuſal in Weſtminſter Hall. Raze Your Records! Do they ſay! an Executorſhip no more than an Olivers Knighthood. 'Tis

a little

a little of the ſevereſt, my Maſters. Expunge Your Title, and blot out Your Scutcheon, when 'tis all You have to ſhew for Your Money! However, ſince You have met ſuch unkind Treatment from the reſt of Mankind, we are reſolved to make You ſome little Reparation, viz. *by prefixing your Names to the Hiſtory of our Deceaſed Heroe, as a Monument to Your Memories, which the reſt of the malicious World denies You.*

Nay Gentlemen, conſidering the ſeverity of Your hard Fortune, pray excuſe our Zeal in giving You a little Advice how to retrieve Your Loſſes. Since you are like to be ſuch Sufferers by Your Executorſhips, e'ne recover all again by Your Overſeer and Church-Wardenſhip. Bring in Your next Pariſh Bill, charg'd with ſuch an over-grown Foundling laid at your Doors, and Attach the Money in Your own Hands for Nurſing it.

Your Humble, &c.

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THE general Reception the Firſt Part of our Impoſtors Life has met, encourages us to purſue the Subject, hoping that this further Narrative of his Adventures will give the Reader no leſs Diverſion. And that the Reader may be ſatisfy'd in the Integrity and Truth of our Hiſtory, we deſire him to conſider that he dyed in the midway between fifty and ſixty years, and having for a ſcore of the laſt of 'em, play'd at no other Game than cheating the World in all the Shapes and Maſques he cou'd invent, we are ſo over-furniſht with matter of Fact, that we have not the leaſt need to load him with the leaſt untruth; and therefore we make this real Profeſſion, that excepting a little Garniture, (that common pardonable Liberty) the whole Feaſt we treat you with, has not one borrow'd Diſh. Nay hundreds of his diminutive Frauds here in Town, as vulgar ſharping Tricks, we purpoſely omit, as too trivial and

unworthy our Cognizance, and too poor for your Entertainment.

And whereas his moſt notorious Deluſions were his Marrying of ſo many Wives, and the politick Artifices and Lures uſed by him to decoy thoſe poor Creatures into the Gripe of his Talons, were the grandeſt of his Rogueries, we have been chiefly inquiſitive into that particular walk of our *Proteus*, as the moſt intriguing part of his Life, and indeed his Maſter piece of Projection, and conſequently the moſt divertive for your Reading.

In our firſt part we gave you at large three or four famous Amours of his, and leaving off at his Inn-keepers Daughter of *Bathe*, (where we frankly told you that for want of farther Intelligence we over-leap'd ſome years) we think fit to continue the proſecution of our Hiſtory from the end of that Adventure, and ſo fill up the vacancy occaſion'd by our then want of Information, with which (from very good Authority and Credit) we have now better ſupplyed our ſelves.

His continued good Luck at the Female Quarry ſucceeding ſo proſperouſly, he has hardly ſnapt and gorged one, before he's for flying at a ſecond.

Leaving therefore his laſt Wife (as before mentioned) the Inn-keepers Daughter to ſhift home, not only pennyleſs, but almoſt naked too, (as before at large) it being then in the gay time of Summer, he buys him a very ſtately Gelding, and prances down to *Slough* near *Windſor*. There taking a Genteel Lodging, and throwing off his old now Hackney fied Diſguiſe of the Countrey Gentleman, he aſſumes the Character of a *London* Merchant; and though the little diſtance of twenty Miles laid the Scene very nigh, and conſequently (one would think) expoſed him to ſomething more hazard than any of his former

former remoter pretenſions, however he is ſo fluſht with ſucceſs, and thereupon ſo hardy an Enterprizer that he reckons upon Fortune, now intirely his own, as no leſs than bound to his Cauſe, and her Smiles as ſecure, as himſelf her now darling Favourite is fearleſs and undaunted.

His Tent therefore pitcht at *Slough* for the beſt part of this Summers Campaign, with ſufficient of Gold, and what not, in his Pockets, he Contracts (amongſt other Countrey Acquaintance) a great intimacy with the Miniſter there. And at length praiſing the good Air of that Countrey, and the ſweetneſs he taſtes in the Converſation thereabouts, he deſires the Parſon (his now Intimate) to inform him of ſome Purchaſe of fifty, ſixty, or, rather than fail, ſeventy pound *per annum* ſomewhere near there; if a good Houſe upon it ſo much the better; otherwiſe it will put him to ſome few hundreds extraordinary Expence. If any ſuch Purchaſe can be found, he ſhall be gratefully thankful to him: For reſolving to get him ſome Countrey Seat for a little Summers Retirement from his Fatigue at *London*, he has not met that place in the World that pleaſes him better. The Parſon, kindly replyed, That truely he did not yet know of any ſuch Purchaſe, but he would make it his Buſineſs to inquire, and inform him accordingly.

It falls out here that he inſinuates into the Converſation of a Countrey Gentleman that had a very pretty Daughter, to whom he could give Five Hundred Pound Portion. Through his Acquaintance with the Father he finds Opportunity and Acceſs to the Daughter, and in a little time profeſſes downright Love. Now beſides a great deal of Wit and Senſe in the Daughter, here was a very Judicious and Senſible Man to her Father, and likewiſe a

very Ingenious young Gentleman her Brother, all three to be coped with; inſomuch that the higheſt of Prudence ought to be uſed to manage the Amuzement, and fence off all Curioſity and Enquiry, which (conſidering how near *London* lay) might daſh the whole Plot. For that purpoſe he no ſooner declares his Paſſion, but at the ſame time he utterly abjures all pretenſions to a Farthing of Portion, (if he may be ſo happy as to ſucceed in his Love) that truely his Affairs and Circumſtances are far above ſo poor a Thought. Whatever her Fathers Goodneſs did or might have intended for her, he is free to keep for the bettering the Fortune of ſo hopeful an Heir of the Family as the young Gentleman her Brother: It is enough that the poſſeſſion of her dear Perſon is all his Ambition, and if after all his proſperous Ventures both at Sea and Land, to Crown his Felicity he can but carry this laſt dear Prize, he has all he wants in this World. Nor is Beauty the only Charm he finds in his dear Miſtreſs, her Vertue is her moſt captivating Perfection. Alas, if he had ſought either Face or Fortune, thoſe were to have been found nearer home, and poſſibly, where he was better known, *viz.* in his walks upon the *Exchange*, and thereabouts, whatever perſonal wants he had, however his other Qualifications would have made him no hard Acceſs to very conſiderable Fortunes. But as his Natural Jealouſie of Town Beauties had all along made him ſomewhat colder in the choice of a *London* Wife, he declares that the vanquiſhing of his Heart was reſerved only for ſome ſweet Countrey Innocence, which truely he had never met with till now.

This Declaration carries a very pleaſing Face every way. Here, the Daughter for her part has the Heart of a Rich Merchant of ſuch vaſt Eſtate, that her inconſiderable

derable Portion is not worth his Acceptance, and conſequently if ſhe can like the Man, ſhe has all the Reaſon in the World to Embrace the Addreſſes of ſo qualified a Suetor. Here are Father and Son likewiſe under no occaſion of complaint, for one is like to ſave Five Hundred Pound by the Bargain, and the other to get as much. And therefore 'tis a Match they ought not to oppoſe. And to put all ſuſpicions out of their Head, what Reaſons have they to miſ-doubt his being the Man he pretends, for he had then a pretty many years upon his Back, and therefore unlikely to commit ſo boyiſh a Folly to take the Luggage of a Wife with never a Groat with her, unleſs he had wherewithal of his own, to ſupply that Defect. Beſides, here was all the Appearances poſſible both of Honour and Honeſty in his Daughters *Inamorato*, for more and above the daily management of his Diſcourſe, and his prompt Anſwers and Inſight to all Affairs in the World, which diſcovered a Perſon certainly of publick Buſineſs, his Port and Figure he made amongſt them, together with the Grandure of his way of Living, confirm'd their intire Belief and Confidence. And to conclude all, who cou'd ſuſpect a Counterfeit that would Cheat for nothing.

During his Courtſhip he preſented his Miſtreſs with a very Rich Gold Watch, and as he gain'd ground not only upon her, but went a great ſtroke with the Father and Son, who were mighty inclineable to the Match; at laſt he puſht home, and gain'd the Conſent of all Parties concerned. The Father and Son were of Opinion that they ſhould all go to *London*, and the Wedding and Bedding work ſhould be all done there at his own Houſe in the City. With all his Heart replyed the Spark, only one Inconvenience attended that Propoſition. For it would

would be impoſſible for him to Marry in *London* without dragging a great deal of noiſe and trouble at his Heels. For unleſs he would diſoblige more than a Hundred Eminent Citizens, his particular Friends (which in Honour he could not well do) he muſt be forced to make a publick Wedding of it, and ſo draw on a great deal of Ceremony and Hurry, which truely, (might he be chuſer) did not agree with his Inclination. Nevertheleſs, if they ſo pleas'd, he was ready to acquieſce to their abſolute Commands. But otherwiſe, for prevention of all that, if he might direct, he would deſire to divide his Bleſſings between the Countrey and City, *viz.* have the happineſs of Marrying her in the Morning at *Slough*, and then have the Honour of their good Companies with him to *London*, and there Bed her at his own Houſe.

This appear'd ſo highly reaſonable, that three places are order'd to be taken in the *Windſor* Coach to Morrow for *London*, and the Marriage to be Solemnized Early before the Coach ſets out. And accordingly our Lovers, who wake with the Lark, are the next Morning devoutly join'd together. When the Nuptial Rites were perform'd, and a ſmall Collation prepared before ſetting out, he publickly again declared his Proteſtations againſt all pretences to a Portion. However as he had now taken the deareſt Creature in the World into his Arms without any ſuch Claim or Pretenſion, and the longeſt day of his Life he ſhould maintain her to the higheſt Dignity and Grandure of a City Merchants Lady, as much as if ſhe had brought him Thouſands of her own to do it with, yet as perhaps there might be ſome Wedding Garments, and other ſmall matters wanting ſuitable to His Bride, he durſt not preſume to make her any Preſent of that kind, leſt poſſibly it might be ſome little Indignity and Reflection upon Her

own

own Honour in accepting of any ſuch offer; and therefore that part he left to her and her Relations pleaſure and diſcretion. His putting them in Mind of that neceſſary point, appeared more like a piece of Gallantry than any thing elſe from him. And thereupon both the Father and Bride take a whiſper privately together, and immediately the Cloſets and Cabinets were rumaged, and near a hundred Guineas muſter'd up, and ſtowed in a ſmall Casket to carry with her to *London*, to rig her in all ample manner accordingly. As they merrily Travel along, the Father, Bride and Brother in the Coach, and the Bridegroom *en cavalier* Riding by, taking a little ſtart before 'em upon *Hounſlow-Heath*, he comes back furiouſly Galloping to the Coach ſide, and with much concern bids 'em have a care for he was certain there were Highway-men before in the Road, and he much feared the Coach would be Robb'd. This put the Travellers into ſome ſmall fright, and all of 'em (for the Coach was full) into a very great Care how to preſerve the ſmall Treaſure they had about them. Nay Gentlemen, replies the Spark, for that ſmall matter I have about me, I fear not all the Thieves in *Chriſtendom* to take from me, for though I profeſs my ſelf no Sword-man to Fight for it, yet I thank God, I have a Horſe has ſuch a pair of Heels as I defie any Man in *England* (eſpecially upon this open Plain) to out-ride me. This Hint made the poor Bride immediately Requeſt his ſecuring ſome ſmall things of hers, and thereupon ſhe gave him her little Casket, and her Gold Watch to carry for her, withal deſiring him to ſpeed off the ſafeſt way he could, and tarry for the Coach at the *Red Lion* in *Brentford*; Her prudent Example encouraged ſome other Paſſengers in the Coach to deſire him to do them the like Favour; one Lady in the Coach deſired him to ſecure a

Diamond

Diamond and a Gold Ring of hers, which ſhe took from her Finger; another Gentleman clapt a Purſe of near twenty pieces of Gold into his Silver Tobacco-box, and beſought him to give it Sanctuary in his Pocket to *Brentford*. In ſhort, ſome other ſmall matters were preſently entruſted to his Protection and Preſervation; and ſo being deſired to troop off with all ſpeed, and to meet 'em at the general Rendezvouz aforeſaid, our Merchant puts Spurs to his Steed, and the Coach trundles leiſurely after him.

At *Brentford* they arrive ſafely in ſome little time after, and making a halt at the *Red Lion*, inquiry is made if a Gentleman ſo mounted, and ſo dreſt was there. No; anſwer was made, no ſuch Man was there; but upon examining the Horſe and the Rider they had deſcribed, that very Gentleman, about half an hour ago was ſeen to Ride almoſt full ſpeed through the Town towards *London*.

The Bridegroom ſo ſtrangely out-riding his Stage, put the whole Company into ſome little Conſternation, but the Bride more eſpecially, it being a matter of no mean ſurprize to her to have a Bridegroom ſo unkind, or ſo frolickſome at leaſt, to Ramble away from her on her very Wedding Day in ſo odd a manner. A great many ſeveral Diſcants were made upon it by the whole Company; but as all of 'em happen'd to be ſome ſmall Neighbours to *Slough*, and had either converſt with this Honourable Merchant during his Abode there, or at leaſt had heard of his Fame, it was concluded of all Hands 'twas only intended as a Jeſt, and ſo they all moved on towards *London*, not doubting in the leaſt but to find it ſo.

When they arrived at *London*, the young Lady as Guarrantee for her Bridegroom, though ſhe could not well invite 'em with Convenience that Night, beſought all their good Companies to Morrow at Dinner with her at her

Houſe

House in *Limestreet*, there to call their Trustee to an Account, and to laugh out an Afternoon with her upon their Travelling Adventures.

Having thus dismist their Fellow Travellers; a Hackney Coach is taken to drive to *Lime-street*. When they came there, and such a Merchants House was asked for, a Name very like it was found in that Precinct, but both the Gentleman and House they inquired for, were utterly Strangers to all the Inhabitants round, and neither that Night nor next whole Day could give 'em any Tale or Tydings of her new Husband. However in all this utter Darkness, as she is left in Ignorance, she has the Comfort to be left in Innocence too, for thanks to her kind Stars there was no Consummation in the Case, as much a Wife as she is, she is a Virgin Bride at least, and as much cheated as they have all been, our young Spouse has the satisfaction of that single happy Escape to counter-ballance all the rest of her Losses. What Reparation our fair Promiser made to her Fellow Sufferers in the Coach our Story mentions not, but the Father, Son, and Bride returning by weeping Cross, they found this Farewel Epistle at their Arrival at *Slough*.

My Sweet Bride,

AT too sweet, God wot, to be so lost. Had we but consummated, my Chicken, had I but got the Virgin Toy, signed and sealed, my Sweeting, it had been a Prize worth all the other Treasure. But my hard Fate had otherwise decreed: And I must e'ne sit down by my losing Bargain. But my Dear, notwithstanding my abrupt parting, prethee do not conceive hard Thoughts, nor fancy me a Masquerader; for though my House is removed from Lime-street, *upon my honest word I am a true Merchant, and have hook'd in my Venture. Pray Comfort your Condoling Fellow Travellers, and assure 'em their Moveables I took into my protection are*

all very ſafe, and that I ſhall take all poſſible care in performing my Truſt in keeping 'em ſo. And now Child, if thy Defeat of a Bed fellow ſhould ſet thee a Gog for a new Huſband, for thy Conſolation let me tell thee that I am fairly drawn off to make room for a happier Succeſſor; & at thy next Prayers for a Man in thy Tables to fill up the Blot I leave open; thank Heaven thou haſt ſcap'd ſo well, for thou haſt received the firſt Mercy I ever ſhewed thy Sex before; and ſo Dear Widdow'd Turtle, *farewel*

This Adventure ſo luckily concluded, our Wiſe-Merchant takes a little Recreation in *London*, and then tired with Eaſe and Idleneſs, he thinks it high time to look out for new Game. His Rambles have hitherto moſtly lain Weſtward, and the Succeſs he has gotten there, invites him to try his farther Fortune a Field the ſame Road. Down therefore his Galloper and he ſet out, and meeting nothing in the way worthy his Atchievement, he fixes at laſt at the Town of *Wells*. Here he is a Countrey Gentleman again his Name *Bowyer*, Brother to Sir *Charles Bowyer*. This Town happily afforded a Boarding School for young Girls, where the Fair Recluſes generally are not altogether Nuns Fleſh, and where notwithſtanding the watchful Overſight of thoſe Guardian Dragons the Governeſſes and Super-Intendants, Love too often leaps the Pale, and many a bold *Jaſon* very luckily moves off with a Golden Fleece.

At this Caſtle 'tis reſolved our next Batteries ſhall be level'd; only all the hardeſt work here is the making his Approaches. For that purpoſe he inquires firſt, who and what the Fair Inhabitants are, and the like; where he is ſoon inform'd of ſeveral conſiderable Fortunes amongſt 'em; but moſt of 'em either under Guardianſhip or Parents, and though allyed to pretty conſiderable Effects, the Laſh is in Hucksters Hands. The carrying the Damſel,

ſel, will not finger the Gold, and our Buſineſs being only to ſnap and away, a lighter Cargo than thoſe unweildy Portions does our Job. And accordingly he diſcovers one juſt ſizable for his Turn. A Tradeſman's Daughter, her ſmall Portion about 180 *l.* and all in her own Hands, or at leaſt in her own power, her Parents and Friends all Dead, and therefore at her own diſpoſal, and likewiſe ſomething of the Elderlyeſt for a School-miſs, being indeed about 20 years of Age.

'Tis reſolved then to fix here; And, for a handſome Initiation, his firſt Attacque is onely from his Eyes; he ſees her firſt at Church, where his whole Devotion is ſo intent upon no other Object, that he gives her occaſion to obſerve him. His Gentile Equipage, and, in a Stranger too, might very well draw ſome Eyes in a Countrey Congregation; and this young Devotees were not ſo wholly tyed to her Prayer-Book, but hers might rove a little: ſhe no ſooner ſaw him, but ſhe met a very Paſſionate and Long wiſhing-Look returned her: if her Curioſity peep'd a ſecond time, ſhe found him in the ſame poſture, his Eye never off of her. And this he continued Forenoon and Afternoon, in ſuch a manner, that it was impoſſible, even for Indifference it ſelf, not to Remark him.

Next morning he makes ſome means to get the Company and Ear of one of the Sub-Governants of the School, a Matronly kind of a Tutoureſs. He cannot tell what Malleable Mettal ſhe's made of, and how far ſhe may be tempted to betray a little Truſt. However he reſolves to try. And if ſhe be to be ſhaken, at leaſt he'll uſe the moſt Perſwaſive Arguments to Aſſail her.

Accordingly, having firſt beg'd the Favour of a full Hearing, he begins to lay open his Caſe in manner fol-

lowing. First, he discovers his Birth and Quality, a Brother of the Honourable Sir *Charles Bowyer*. Secondly, Though a younger Brother, yet provided with a Plentiful Patrimony to keep up the Port of a Gentleman. Then, that yesterday at Church, he had seen the onely Sweetness upon Earth that he cou'd truly Love: That it was some Extraordinary Destiny that had brought him thither, to lose his Heart to so Lovely a Creature: and then telling his Name (which his Love had made him inquire into) the present Suit he had, was, to obtain the Conversation of that Sweet Gentlewoman, that he might have the favourable opportunity of declaring his Passion to her; which Access, understanding the strictness of the Family in which she now lived, and under what Confinement she lay, he had no hopes of accomplishing, but through her Means: and, that if she would vouchsafe to be the kind Instrument in gaining him his Request, he should not onely be bound to her the longest day of his Life, but likewise make her a Gratification suitable to so signal an Obligation. The Gravity of our Tutoress seem'd a little Surprized at this Motion; But, before she cou'd make any Reply, he continued his Supplication to her; By telling her, That for Heavens sake she would believe his Intentions to the young Lady were nothing but Honourable, that had his Designs been so wicked, as to aim at, or overreach any young Fortune in the House, as such he understood there were several there, he should be the greatest of Villains. But, that Love, and onely Love, was his Design, was manifest in his Addresses to this young Gentlewoman, who (as he was inform'd) was but a Tradesman's Daughter, of little or no Fortune, or at least very inconsiderable to a Person of his Circumstances and Birth; and therefore she had all the Reason

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in the World to believe him a Perſon of Honour and Integrity; and 'twas as ſuch he deſired her to ſerve him in the Requeſt he had made her. She hearing him proteſt ſo heartily, and profeſs ſo honourably, cou'd not but be a little attentive to ſo Reaſonable a Suit. But being her ſelf a Woman of Principle, and naturally faithful to her Truſt, ſhe could not forbear making him this *Anſwer*: Sir (ſays ſhe) you have the leaſt Reaſon in the World to ſeek my Aſſiſtance in this matter; for if you are that Lover, and that Gentleman you profeſs your ſelf, your Quality and Pretenſions to this young Woman are ſufficient to make your own way to her, without wanting my help. What need has a Gentleman of your Fortune and Honour to ſeek to a poor Servant as I am to introduce you ſo meanly, as a private Suitor to this young Maid, when you have it in your own Power to make a more Publick Declaration of your Love; and undoubtedly, ſo Qualifi'd as you are, have all Encouragement to hope for Succeſs? If you pleaſe therefore, I'll tell the Governeſs, and when ſhe ſhall have examined all things requiſite to the diſcharge of that honeſt Duty as the Tuition and Care ſhe has undertaken ſhall require of her; ſhe will be ſo far from oppoſing your Acceſs, that certainly you may expect all the fair Reception your own heart can wiſh. This *Anſwer* being not the preſent point we muſt gain, our Squire (before prepared for a Reply) ſeem'd extreamly pleaſed with her for her Fidelity. That truly ſhe was highly to be commended for ſo Conſcientious a Scruple, as to the admitting of a Stranger, as he was, to any thing under her Guardianſhip. And that truly the Advice ſhe had given him was but very Reaſonable; And that if he ſhould make open Love to this young Gentlewoman, he might poſſibly have hopes of ſucceeding.

ing. And really it was the onely Courſe he would take, but for one onely Obſtacle, which was, that though indeed, as a younger Brother, he had above 300 *l. per annum* already in good Land of Inheritance, a Competence ſufficient to maintain a Family indifferently well; yet as he was next Brother, and indeed as the preſumptive Heir to Sir *Charles*, an unmarryed Man of Thouſands a year, and was at preſent tranſacting with him about a conſiderable Addition to his Eſtate, and other very eminent Friendſhips expected from him, he was under an invincible neceſſity of making an Amour of this kind, one of the greateſt Secrets in the World, leſt his Marrying ſo inconſiderably might loſe him his Brother's Favour, and thereby defeat ſo advantageous an Expectation. Not but he Loved the young Creature enough to run a thouſand times greater hazards for obtaining ſo ſweet a Bleſſing: but, however, What Folly and Prodigality would it be, to expoſe ſo main a part of his Well-being to ſo dangerous a Venture, when there was ſo little occaſion for it? For he, could he reach ſo great a Bleſſing, as to obtain her for his Bride, yet it would be worth his while to make both his Woing and Marriage, for ſome time, an abſolute Secret, for ſo valuable a Conſideration. And he, that reſolved to enter into Matrimony, was, in all Duty, bound to take the beſt meaſures to make a Married Life comfortable, by making the beſt proviſion to ſupport it with Credit and Reputation. And therefore 'twas, that he was forced to ſupplicate her private Aſſiſtance in the Affair, which ſhe could not well blame, under ſo important a Circumſtance; and therefore ſtealing a brace of Guineas into her Hand, he once more intreated her to gain him ſome Admittance to the young Ladys converſation, as ſilently as poſſibly her Goodneſs could contrive. I cannot tell, whether

ther the Arguments or the Gold, or both together prevail'd, but to ſhorten the Diſcourſe 'twas agreed that Evening an Hour after Sun ſet that he ſhould come to the Garden Back gate, which was accordingly done.

And not to tire the Reader with the Narration of the Wooing, let it ſuffice that he obtain'd three or four private Meetings, and a little Courtſhip well managed prevail'd and conquer'd. By the Aſſiſtance of this Matronly Confident, the Buſineſs is concluded, and the Girl ſteals out one Morning and Marries him. He had not been long Married, but continuing the old plea of ſilence and ſecreſy ſo neceſſary on his Brothers Account, he gets her to call in her ſmall Portion, for her own uſe, making it his free Wedding Gift, all to be diſpoſed in buying her Cloaths, and the like. And ſo makes all ſpeed to *London* with her. At *London* he provides her a very Genteel Lodging, ſtill leaving all her Portion in her own Cuſtody. He had not kept her Company two days in Town, but he comes home in great haſte and ſurprize, telling her that his Brother by ſome Accident or other had heard of his Marriage. But as 'twas impoſſible he ſhould know what Woman he had Married, he had one favour to beg of her which ſhe muſt not deny him, which was to pretend her ſelf to be a young *Devonſhire* Lady of ſuch a Great Family, and ſuch a Fortune: By this means he ſhould win his Brothers Heart, and haſten that additional ſettlement, and the other favours he expected from him; and tho' indeed it was a little piece of Fraud, which truely he was never guilty of before in all his whole Life, yet conſidering the Advantage ſo innocent a Deceit might gain 'em, he conjured her by all their Loves to joyn with him in it, and carry on the Mask till he had gain'd his point. The poor Creature ſoon perſwaded conſents to his Requeſt, promiſing

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her acting the beſt part ſhe could in the Diſguiſe, ſince it was his Pleaſure and Command to have it ſo.

Having obtain'd her concurrence in it, he tells her theſe Lodgings were too mean for a Woman of her Birth, and therefore he would preſently take her a fine Houſe at *Greenwich* four Miles out of Town, and have it furniſht ſuitable to his and her Quality.

At *Greenwich* a Houſe is inſtantly provided; and what by the pretenſions of this great Match, he ſtrikes in with a confiding Upholſter for a Rich Bed, Tapeſtry Hangings, and very ſumptuous Furniture in moſt ample manner. Nay, he carries it on ſo far as to gain Credit for ſeveral Hogſheads of Wine, which were likewiſe wafted down to *Greenwich*. The young Wife all this while ſeeing him make ſuch ſplendid Proviſion for her, never in the leaſt ſuſpected him for leſs than high Quality, and indeed was utterly ignorant that all this Gallantry was taken up upon Truſt, and moſtly rais'd upon the noiſe of her vaſt *Devonſhire* Portion that was very ſpeedily to pay for all.

After this Countrey Houſe was thus Richly ſet out, pretending Buſineſs one Morning early to *London*, he returns again between Ten and Eleven in great haſte, that truely he had occaſion for about an Hundred Pound, and having laid out more Caſh than his Returns from his Eſtate in the Countrey could at preſent ſupply him, he deſired her to accommodate him with that Sum out of her Money, which in a Fortnight at fartheſt ſhould be made her up again. The poor Girl very readily gave him the Keys of her Cloſet and her Cabinet, deſiring him to take what he wanted. Immediately he goes to the Treaſury, and having not leiſure to ſtay to tell out the Sum, he took the whole Bag, which in Silver and Gold was about 140 *l.*

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which he would tell over at *London*, and bring back the Remainder, whither he desired her Company along with him in the Boat that staid to carry him back. *Yes, with all her heart, if he would please to stay till she dress't her self*, being then only in her Morning gown. No, by no means, he replied, no matter for dressing her self, she was well enough dress't for that little Company she should see to day. And so without farther Ceremony she trips into the Boat with him, and so away to *London*.

When he came there, and had fix'd her at her Old Lodgings, he desired her to have a little patience till his return from *Lombard-street*, where he was going to pay this Money: but before he went, giving her a kind Kiss or two. *Lord, my Dear* (says he) *this plain Wedding-Ring upon thy Finger is too poor for My Wife! I am going to pay this Money to a Goldsmith, and prithee give me thy Ring along with me, and I'll put a Diamond into it.*

The Ring upon so good an Account was presently deliver'd him, and a very low Courtzy dropt him for the promis'd Diamond. Away goes Husband, Money, and Ring, and the Wife staying with her old Landlady, waits for the return of her kind Spouse; After a great deal of patience pretty well tired, and many a sigh to pass away time, Evening at last draws on, and no Husband appears. To *Greenwich* she dares not return, 'tis now too late at night, and too dangerous travelling so unseasonably. And so taking a soft Bed, but a hard Night's rest in Town, she gets up early the next morning for *Greenwich*, where instead of Husband

or Houſe, ſhe finds the Furniture, Bedding, nay the very Wine in the Cellar all carried off, and ſo neither Husband, Money, nor Cloaths, but the looſe Undreſs ſhe had upon her back; ſhe is left to a whole Deluge of Lamentation, and the King's High-way fair open for her to ſteer back to *Wells*, or what other Hoſpitable Coaſt ſhe could find in the wide World before her.

This Marriage-Trade thriving ſo well with him, he left it not off till he arrived at the number of 18 Wives; in which ſeveral various Cheats and Diſguiſes were practiſed according to Time, Place and Circumſtance. At *Kedderminſter* he paſt for Sir *Charles Bowyer*'s Brother again, and there married an Innkeeper's Daughter, from whom he hooked out ſeveral Pounds, beſides ſpunging upon her Father: where he continued a very conſiderable time; and wrought himſelf into that intire Credit with his Father-in-law, that when ſome of his Neighbours made bold to ask him, How he could repoſe ſo much Confidence in a meer Stranger; and after his Daughter had been ſo long married to him, to make no Inquiry into him all this while? Inquiry! (he replied very briskly) trouble not your heads about that Buſineſs. I am very well ſatisfied in him, and know well enough what he is. His Wit and Breeding, and a hundred other genteel Qualities, ſufficiently aſſure me: Nay a Gentleman he muſt be moſt certainly, for I have obſerved him, he will never dine without a Bottle of Wine.

In *Holbourn* he courted a Rich Vintner's Widow (but there he was a little higher advanced into the Honou-

Honourable Family of the *Bowyers*, for then he was Sir *Charles* himſelf) and ſo far tickled her out of her ſmall Reaſon, by the high ſound of a Ladiſhip, that the Wedding-cloaths were making. Nay he took her along with him to a Goldſmiths in *Cheapſide*, to beſpeak a very large quantity of Plate, amounting to about 200 *l.* No ſooner did he enter the Goldſmith's Shop, but he kindly ſhook him by the hand, and gave him ſo many familiar How-de-yees, as if he had been his long and intimate Acquaintance; where beſpeaking ſo much Plate, and ſuch a Coat of Arms to be engraved upon it, the day was ſet when it was to be call'd for. Before that day he was to receive 600 *l.* from his Steward in the Countrey, which he had ſent for up to pay for this Plate, and other neceſſary Nuptial Habilements. But the Day drawing on, a Letter comes up by the Poſt from his Steward, intimating, That amongſt all his Tenants he could at preſent raiſe but 150 of the 600 *l.* he deſired, and truly that ſmall Pittance he did not think fit to return up, till he could make it a larger Sum, *&c.* This Letter was received in his Miſtreſſes preſence, and the Knight ſo enraged at his Steward's neglect, that he fell into a very great paſſion to be ſo defeated of his Expectation, eſpecially at ſo critical a Juncture. The kind Widow ſeeing him ſo concerned, deſired him not to be troubled at it, for if his preſent Occaſions required, ſhe was very willing to furniſh him with it; and in fine, lent him 200 Guinea's to fetch home the Plate. But neither was the Plate ſent home, nor Knight or Guinea's ever ſeen afterwards. The Widow ſomewhat impatient, trips away to the Goldſmith to inquire if he had been there, and being anſwer'd in the negative, ſhe aſk'd him if he were

not acquainted with Sir *Charles*? What Sir *Charles*? Sir *Charles Bowyer* that beſpoke the Plate. Truly not he; for to his beſt knowledge, he never ſaw him before that day. How, replies the Widow, never ſaw him before, when he knew you ſo well, talk'd ſo familiarly with you, diſcours'd of ſo many Affairs relating to your ſelf, that I durſt have ſworn he had known you this ſeven years, and dealt in at leaſt a thouſand pounds with you. Yes, replied the Goldſmith, all this familiarity he expreſt, which as much ſurprized me as it does you: But it was none of my buſineſs to inquire of a Cuſtomer how he came ſo acquainted with my Concerns, or why he treated me ſo courteouſly at firſt ſight; He laid me down Earneſt in part for my Plate, and if 'tis your pleaſure to pay me the remainder, the Plate is forth coming. But when, or where the Gentleman can be found forth coming, that you know better than I: for as I told you, he is a Perſon I never ſaw before, nor after.

To proſecute the full Relation of all his Wooings and Marriages, would be dwelling too long upon one kind of Subject, and therefore not ſo divertiſing to the Reader; for which Reaſon we have ſelected only theſe, and the others recited in the Firſt Part of our Hiſtory, as moſt entertaining of all his Amours.

After he had accompliſh'd near a Score of Marriages, he neatly counterfeited a Bill for 700 *l.* drawn upon an Eminent Citizen; and ſo well managed all Conduct and Matters relating to it, that he received the Money. But what with his Wives, and this laſt grand Cheat, he began to think little *England* would

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ſoon be too hot for him. And therefore buying three very gallant Horſes, and Equipage and Accoutrements ſuitable, he got him croſs the Herringpond, and went a Volunteer to the Duke of *Monmouth*, then before *Maſtricht*: His buſineſs here was more Flouriſh and Bravado, than any great Feats of War, any Martial Wonders he intended to perform. In *Flanders* he made a pretty long Campaign, for he ſtirred not from thence till all his Money was ſpent; and at length, when his dwindling ſtock was ſo ſmall, that his very Horſes heads grew a little too big, for a new ſupply he converted 'em into ready Money; and when that laſt ſtake was almoſt run out, and he had juſt enough left to Land him ſafe upon *Engliſh* Ground again, he returned for *London*; and there ſetting in again at his old play of Wiving, he Wooes a Parſons Daughter of 500 *l.* Portion, and by virtue of the great Name of Sir *Charles Bowyer*, and other winning Arts he uſed, he Married her, and gain'd ſo far upon her Father, that he got One Hundred pound in part of the Five, into his clutches. But not ſatisfied with that modicum, but reſolving to gripe the whole remainder too, he takes a Houſe for her at *Hampſtead*, where he lived ſome time very kindly with her, ſtill plying her Father with all the ſofteſt and tendereſt management, to hook in the 400 *l.*

But here, as Fortune will not always ſmile, a turn of Fate falls ſomewhat hard upon him; his *Ludlow*, and ſome other of his old Wives, had unhappily got him in the Wind, and with a full Cry run him down, and Houſed him in *Newgate*.

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Here it was (as before mentioned in our firſt Part) that ſix of his Wives appeared againſt him, and at his Tryal he pleaded Guilty to thoſe Six and Twelve more. For which being Convicted, and the Law not reaching to his Life, the Judges were pleaſed ſo far to commiſerate the unhappy poor women he had undone, but eſpecially the Parſon's Daughter, that they gave her leave to lay an Action upon him of 5000 *l.* by virtue of which, being ſtill detained a Priſoner, he removed himſelf to the *Kings-Bench*; Here being kept within the Goal, he behaved himſelf ſo winningly, that he gain'd ſome favour with the then Marſhal, and had now and then the liberty to peep abroad. Improving and advancing in the farther good graces of the Marſhal, he obtained at laſt that extraordinary credit from him, that himſelf and Three or Four more Priſoners were one day permitted to take a little Ramble to a merry-making, ſome little way out of Town; which lucky ſlip of their Necks from the Collar, they took that wiſe care to make ſo good uſe of, that neither our Sir *Charles*, nor his fellow Travellers, the Maſter or Mates, ever returned again. This eſcape made ſuch a clamour, that 100 *l.* reward was ſet upon his head, if to be caught in *England*. But this purſuit ſoon cooled; for upon the change of Marſhal, which ſoon followed, the Cauſe dropt, and he had full freedom to creep from his Covert, and turn Practioner at his old Craft again; his deliverance being in a manner compleat, and his 5000 *l.* and the reſt of his load diſcharged.

After his Heels were at liberty, his Pocket run but low; and he was forced to truckle to little ſhifts to

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put him in ſtock again. His Pranks are ſcarce to be numbred, nor dare we pretend to trace 'em ſucceſſively; and therefore we ſhall not tie our ſelves up to Time and Order.

For one of his common Feats, he got him a large Seal-Ring, and ſeveral other Gold Rings, all variety, as Plain, Mourning, and Enamel'd, value together about 4 *l.* with theſe, by confederacy, he would ſham an Arreſt upon himſelf by a couple of Marſhal's Men, and being hurried into ſome Alehouſe, he would call for the Landlord, pretend himſelf a Tradeſman, and Houſe-keeper as far as *Wapping*, *Stepney*, or ſome ſuch remote place; then opening his Grievance, that he was Arreſted for 40 or 50 *s.* and being too far from home to ſend for Money, he deſired the Landlord to carry his Rings to the next Goldſmith, and ſee what he valued them at: The Landlord returns with the Rings, and tells him, the Goldſmith would give ſomething above 3 *l.* for them; upon this, he deſires the Landlord to pleaſure him with 50 *s.* upon that pledge, and he would come himſelf or ſend (by ſuch a Token) the Money the next day, and redeem them. The Landlord ready to aid a man in his diſtreſs, in ſo reaſonable a requeſt, Lends the Money, whilſt inſtead of the Gold Rings, he puts the Legerdemain, and leaves him a ſet of Braſs ones well Gilt, ſhaped, Enamel'd, *&c.* to a tittle, in every point reſembling the true Rings; and worth about Half-a-Crown.

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One day about high noon he came to the *Poultrey-Compter* Gate, wanting a Serjeant to execute an Attachment for him: ſo giving him his Inſtructions and Fee, he deſires him and his Yeoman to follow him to ſuch an Ale-houſe in *Leaden-Hall-Street*, where he would wait for 'em. To the Ale-houſe he goes, and takes a Lower Room which look'd into the Street, where calling for a Tankard of Ale, and ſoon after ſpying the Bum and Follower approaching, he whips out of his Codpiece a Pewter Tankard, ſlaps the Drink into it, and returns the Silver one into his Breeches. As ſoon as they enter'd, and ask'd him for the Gentleman, he told them he would croſs the way, and ſee if he had dined yet, and come over, and call 'em immediately to do their Office. Out he trips, and there being a Thorough-fair over the way, neatly conveighs himſelf off; till at laſt, the Serjeant waiting beyond his patience, calls for the Landlord, and deſires him to fill the Tankard again. Fill the Tankard (quoth the Hoſt) what Tankard! This is none of mine. My Tankard's a Silver one. How, a Silver Tankard (replies our Mancatcher.) This was all the Tankard in the Room ſince he came there. That wont ſerve turn: Their Comerogue and Confederate that had left 'em, had a Tankard of him, price *6 l.* 10 *s.* and Tankard, or ſo much Money muſt be found before they parted. A great many hard words roſe on both ſides; but in fine, the Attacher himſelf was now under Attachment, and moved not off, till a Reckoning of *6 l.* an Angel, and ſome odd Pence, was diſcharged.

At *Woolwich* he pretended to be a Doctor of Phyſick, and profeſs'd an infallible Remedy he had for the Gout. A Gentleman, an Inhabitant there, long afflicted with that Diſtemper, retained him as his Phyſician: But his grand Receipt requiring a Fortnights Preparation, he ſqueezes ſome Mony out of him for Materials to the Operation, and puts ſeveral Earthen Pots, with the pretended Ingredients, for Fourteen Days under Ground, againſt which time the expected Effects were to be produced. But it ſo unhappily fell out, that before the Elixir came to perfection, he was arreſted by the Name of *Bowyer*, and thrown into the *Marſhalſea*. The Fourteen Days expired, and the Doctor in durance, the Patient made bold to dig for the Treaſure, and examine the Pots; where, to his great Satisfaction, in each Pot he found about half a dozen ſtraggling Maggots, which indeed was their whole Contents: But what Cures they wrought, our Hiſtory mentions not.

Between five and ſix Years ſince, he tries one Touch more at Marrying, but truly not ſo high a Flier as formerly, he contents himſelf to lay Siege to *Nan*, the Cook-Maid at the *Caſtle*-Tavern at *Fetter-Lane* End; and to attack her in no leſs formidable a Figure than the old Sir *Charles* ſtill. So Worſhipful a Matrimonial Suitor (you may imagine) tickled her not a little, for the Title of a Ladyſhip could not but make a ſtrange rumbling in a Kitchin-ſtuff-pot. The poor Girl was ſoon inclinable to liſten to ſuch potent Love. Our Sir *Charles* makes quick work on't; and though her kind Maſter and Miſtreſs daily laugh'd at her for fancying him in earneſt with her, Our Lover was ſo well furniſh'd with Rhetorick to ſet her to Rights again, and ſo abſolutely perſuaded her that he meant nothing more than to marry her, that at laſt ſhe

contrived to feign her ſelf ſick, whilſt her Knight, under pretence of a Condoling Viſit, was to ſteal her down Stairs, and march off with her. This Plot taking effect, he kept her out ten or twelve Days; in which time he wheadled her out of all the Mony ſhe could raiſe in the World, being about the Summ of Twelve Pounds: But when he had drained all he could get from her, at laſt he began to grow ſo cold to her, that he denied her one Morning a Pennyworth of Milk; which being no longer able to bear, ſhe returned to her Maſter with a very ſad Heart, much wailing the Barbarity ſhe had received, and the Ruin ſhe ſuffered. At the Return of poor *Nancy*, the Knight was flown; and though unſuſpected before, now her Maſter and Miſtreſs with good Reaſon believed him a Cheat; and being concerned for vindicating the Injuries of their Servant, they dogg'd him at laſt into *White-Friars*; and fetching him out thence by a Conſtable and Warrant, he was committed to Jayl, tried for an Impoſtor, and ſtood in the Pillory before their Door.

One very notorious Cheat, was much in uſe with him, within a 12 Month laſt paſt. For inſtance, he comes one Morning to an eminent Tavern in *Holborn* near *Hatton Garden* end, his Habit a plain Country-man, with a Dyr'skin Hat, a ſhabby Perriwig, a large buff Belt round his Waſte, a pair of Boots without Tops, a Whip in his hand, and a hundred Pound bag under his Arm. Here he bargains for a Hogs-head of Sack to be ſent into the Country; whilſt the Carman is loading his Wine, he pretends very urgent Buſineſs he had to do, before the Carrier goes out of Town; inſomuch that he cannot well ſtay, and pay for his Wine; for which reaſon, he deſires the Maſter to lay up his bag of Mony for him.

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till he can call in the Afternoon, and reckon with him; but first taking out (for a blind) a handful of Mony, between thirty or forty Shillings for present occasion, he seals up the Bag again, and leaves the rest in the Vintner's hands.

And now resolved to play the good husband, and do two Jobs with one trouble, whilst the Car is loading, he goes to a Linnen-Drapers in *Newgate-street*, where he buys a parcel of Linnen near 30 *l.* and as the Carman comes by, he packs up the Linnen, and mounts it into the Car. Here pretending his old haste, with another hundred pound Load under his Arm, he plays the former Prank, and gives the Draper the Bag too. Now no Countryman coming to reckon (as promis'd) they both make bold the next day to unseal their Treasure, and see what Security they had in their custody; when to their great surprize, they found a parcel of new Half-pence stowed round the Bag, with a lesser Bag in the belly on't, fill'd with fragments of old Iron. This Prank was hitherto pretty well carried, but Fortune of late Years a meer Jade to him, had a very unhappy After-game to play him: For the Vintner and Draper happening to meet together, to condole Losses and confer Notes, they chanced to remember, that one of the Carman's Steeds, was a remarkable pie-ball'd Horse. Hereupon making inquiry amongst the Fraternity of Carmen, by the Marks and Tokens of that Horse, they found out the very Man that drove off the Chattels; who what by Threats and other perswading Arguments, they prevail'd to lead 'em at last to a House in the Mint, where the Wine and the Drapery were both lodged. Here they made a shift to recover the whole Prize, excepting about five Pounds worth already embezell'd, being pretty well content to sit down by no greater loss.

In much the like manner, and much ſuch a Habit, he came to a Cutlers in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and leaving ſuch another Bag there, under pretence of ſhowing ſome Swords to his Maſter at a Coffee-houſe hard by, he carried off three ſilver Swords.

For the ſame Feat of activity, he came to a Coffee-houſe adjacent to *Pater Noſter-Row*, where the Maſter of the Houſe was a Tayler, whoſe Company and Advice he intreated, deſiring him to go along with him to ſome of the Mercers in the *Row*, to look upon ſome rich Silks which he wanted, for a country Gentleman's (his Maſter) and a young Ladies Wedding cloaths; the Tayler in kindneſs, handed him once or twice to ſeveral Shops: But one Morning, leaving his Bag behind him at the Coffee-houſe, he went alone to a Mercers, a corner Shop in the *Row*; where he cheapning ſome rich Stuffs, flowr'd with Silver and Gold, a Haberdaſher of ſmall Wares paſſing by, and happening to ſet Eye upon our Chapman, made bold to lay hands upon him, and carry him off to the *Cock* in *Amen-corner*; his Charge againſt him was, for leaving him the Bag too for about thirty Pounds in ſmall Wares. But noiſe and crowd coming about him, fearing that other Complaints might appear againſt him, and ſo load him heavier than poſſibly he might be able to ſtand under, our Haberdaſher wiſely reſolving to take care of no body but himſelf, danced him from houſe to houſe, till his country Chapman could raiſe Effects to make him ſatisfaction; and ſo having with much ado, hooked in his own Bet, he turn'd him looſe agen, for the other open mouths againſt him, to take as fair a hunt for him, as he had done. After this mortifying Adventure, whether out of a principle of Modeſty, a Virtue not often in faſhion with him, or ſome other forgetfulneſs, the Bag left in the Coffee-houſe was never call'd for from that day to this;

this; and keeping of it about three months ſealed, at laſt they ventured to break it open, in which they found about ſix Shillings in new Half-pence, and a leſſer Bag fill'd with pieces of old Iron, a great deal of which, as memorials of his Renown, they have kept by 'em for Relicks.

About the Year 1672. he pretended to a great Eſtate in *Northamptonſhire*, and carried it on ſo far, as to borrow four hundred Pounds upon the Mortgage of it, of a *Hampſhire* Gentleman. At *Hannington* likewiſe in *Hampſhire* he married a Miniſters daughter, and enter'd into Bond and Judgment of a Thouſand Pound to Jointure her in fifty Pound a year, by which he got Two hundred and fifty Pound, out of her Father, as part of her Portion.

In *Piccadilly* about three Years ſince, he went to a Horſe-Courſers to buy a Horſe, and after he had bargain'd for, and bought him, he deſired to back him to try his Goings, and rode off with him, before the Horſe-Courſer's face, and ſold him in the Country for four Pounds.

To conclude with his Frauds and Impoſtures, (beſides the grandeſt and boldeſt of 'em all, That he left the World in,) he was charged with one Cheat after his very Death. Amongſt the numerous Viſitants that came to ſee him that Week that he lay above Ground, it happen'd that a Man and his Wife, living at *White-Chapel*, preſſing in amongſt the Crowd of Gazers, immediately remembred his Face; and ſeeing the Clothes there which he wore before he died, he preſently owned himſelf the Taylor that made 'em; and that they were not only unpay'd for ſtill, but likewiſe he was cozen'd out of 'em by one of the lewdeſt Shams that ever was put upon Man. Upon which, he repeated the whole Story at length, *viz.*

That

That about *Bartholomewtide* last the now Deceased came over Night, and took a pretty handsome Lodging at *White-Chapel*, pretending himself newly come up by the Stage-Coach, out of the Country, his Name *Bowyer*; and desiring his Landlord to help him to a Taylor, 'twas his ill Luck to be the Man that was sent for. When he came to him, he found him in a thread-bare black Coat, and very much in want of Repair. He had not talk'd with him long, before he was desired to take measure of him; and whilst that was doing, up came a Foot-man in a gentile Livery, and paying him much Respect and Reverence, told him that Sir *John*, his Master, desired his Company at Dinner. *At Dinner!* (answers our thread-bare Spark,) *No, 'Faith; he must excuse me: I am not in a pickle (Pox of my Dog-Rogue) to stir out of Doors. No, Sirrah; these Rags upon my Arse are no Dress for Dining at* White-Hall. *And so, pray, go tell your Master, that I am forced to keep my Chamber at present, for I have been robb'd since I saw him last Night.* The Foot boy presently ask'd him, *By whom? By a young Son of a Whore, a Foot-man of mine, the Devil go with him.* And so desiring the Boy to carry the whole Relation to his Master, he tells him very formally, "That sending his Boy last Night to "the Carrier's for his Trunk, in which were two Suits of "Clothes, all his Linen and Point, and fifty Pieces of "Gold, the Rogue was run away with it: And though "this old Suit upon his Back serv'd him well enough to "come to Town in, Sir *John* must pardon him if he durst "not stir out till he was a little better rigg'd. The Foot-man making a long Scrape, and departing with his Message, our Country-Squire gave a hundred hard Names to this Run-away Man of his, threatning a great deal of Vengeance if ever he caught him; for Hanging was too good for him. Whilst this Alarm held, there came another

ther Viſitant to our Eſquire, and told him, *He hoped he had drawn it up to his Liking.* So the Man producing a Paper, the Eſquire took it, and read it; which was a long Advertiſement to be put into the *Gazette*, deſcribing the Marks of his Man, and five Pounds Reward to him that ſhould apprehend him. So having read it out, and approved of the wording of it, he put his Hand in his Pocket, and gave the Fellow ten Shillings to pay for Entring of it, giving him a ſtrict Charge to be ſure of getting it into the next *Gazette*. After this, he began to treat about his Clothes, which he deſired might be neither rich, nor gaudy; for he was paſt thoſe Vanities. The Taylor accordingly, by next Day at Noon, brings him his Clothes, his Bill between five and ſix Pounds, which, truly, he muſt be forced to ſtay for till next Week; for the Villain and Thief his Man, had put him out of mony; but he had ſent down laſt night by the Poſt for new Supplies, and by the middle of next Week, ſhould be furniſht, and pay him very thankfully. The poor Taylor, not in the leaſt doubting his money, was very well ſatisfied, for he was ſufficiently convinced, that he was a Gentleman of Faſhion, and hoped to find a good Cuſtomer of him. But no ſooner were the Accoutrements upon his Back, and he had now liberty (no diſgrace to his Gentility) to walk by Day-light; his firſt Progreſs is down to Sir *John*'s at *Whitehall*, who was belike, ſo fond of his Company, that he would never let him find the way home again; for from that Hour, neither his *White-chapel* Landlord nor Taylor, cou'd ever ſet Eye of him.

And now to give him a little farther Viſit at the Baker's (the Hoſpitable Roof under which he finiſh'd his laſt Maſter-piece) and lend the Reader ſome few farther Obſervations than thoſe our *Firſt Part* has furniſh'd;

more

more and above his own Perſonal performance in that grand Maſquerade of the pretended Captain *Wickham*, Several Accidents both before and after his Death contributed much to corroborate and ſupport the Impoſtor. To inſtance one remarkable one; his kind Landlord ſending for the worthy Dr. *F*——to take care of him in his Sickneſs, he ask'd the Doctor if he did not know him, or had never ſeen him before; which the Doctor (as with good reaſon) not well recollecting, our Patient was pleas'd to remember him, that he had the honour to Dine with him ſuch a day, in ſuch a year, when the Doctor was Mayor of *Glouceſter*. Now it happening that that very day the true Captain *Wickham* had really Dined with him at *Glouceſter*: the Doctor who was not much acquainted with the true Captain, and thereby not ready to Diſtinguiſh Faces, yet very well remembring ſuch a worthy Gentleman one of his Honourable Gueſts that day in his Majoralty, was very ready (upon ſo convincing a Circumſtance) to ſwallow the juggle, and to acknowledge him the Perſon he preſented, which very much influenced the Credulity of the Family.

The *Monday*, the next day after his death, a Noble P---r attended by ſeveral Perſons of Honour, came to ſee the Body, and was ſo ſatisfied in his being his Country Neighbour, the true Captain *Wickham*, that he queſtion'd the Family why the Coroner did not ſit upon him; upon which being anſwered, that ſuch a Phyſician took care of him, and that beſides, the honeſty of the Houſe in which he dyed, gave no occaſion for any ſuch reflecting enquiry into his death; his Lordſhip was pleaſed to reply, that if he was not *Murthered*, he muſt certainly die *Mad*, it being impoſſible that in his right ſences he ſhould give ſuch extravagant Legacies to meer Strangers; nor would his Lordſhip be ſatisfied, 'till he conſulted both

his

his Bodily and Ghoſtly Phyſician, his Miniſter, and the Doctor, about his outward and inward Man, &c. Another very confirming Credential happen'd. *viz.* A grave Citizen of *London*, a near Neighbour to our Capital Cathedral, who likewiſe inſpected the Corps, was pleaſed to ſay, he had Fifty Guineas in his Fob, and wou'd make them an Hundred, with any Man, that it was Captain *Wickam*. Nay, Mr *T*——— the Proctor was ſo confident of his Integrity, that he depoſited five Guineas with the Baker's Wife, to a Wager of five more, to buy him a Pair of Gold Fringe Gloves, that he was the true Captain *Wickham*; and not only ſo, but made two Wagers more with her, of two Guineas each, upon the ſame Fund. Which Wagers ſhe was ſo unwilling to lay with him, as being her ſelf ſo confident of his Truth, that ſhe gave 'em for loſt: Nor had been drawn into 'em, but by this Argument of the Nurſes, who told her, that if he was the true *Wickham*, nine Guineas Loſs would be nothing out of their great Legacies; and if he was otherwiſe, the winning of ſo many Guineas would make ſome Help towards the Charges they had been out upon him.

Beſides all this, a great many *Oxfordſhire* Gentlemen that frequented *Ka*———*t's* Coffee-houſe in *Eſſex* Buildings, were ſo concern'd at his Executors happineſs; that rather than the Baker ſhould run away with ſo much of his Eſtate, declared they were reſolved to make a Parliament buſineſs of it. So many affirmatives, ſo ſtrengthen'd the believing Baker, that he offer'd to give his Maid fifty Pounds for her Hundred; To which, ſhe pertly anſwer'd, No, ſhe was not in ſo much haſte, to compound at that Rate, ſhe was as well able to tarry for her Mony, as he was for his. And talking of the poor Maid, one thing muſt not be forgotten; the day before he died, he told her, he had left her a hundred Pounds to buy her

a Husband, but have a care she did not Marry a Rogue that should beat her, for if she did, he had that kindness for her, he was sure, it would disturb him in his Grave, and make him Walk when he was dead.

But to return to his Death, when the Searchers came to do their necessary Office; upon inspection, they found some little extraordinary Mortification upon some nameless Part about him, that put 'em upon the Smile. Their Respect to the Worshipful deceased, made 'em somewhat modest in the Discovery; which occasion'd the Nurse to inquire into the cause of their Fleering, and ask 'em plainly, *If the Captain were under the Covenant of Circumcision?* Yes, truly, they replied, some such kind of Corporal Defect they had found about him. This put the Church-warden into some Surprize, who, inclinable to fancy better things of his pious Benefactor defunct, would by no means, believe either Searchers or Nurse, 'till he play'd the Searcher too, and made a Peep for his satisfaction. But, alas, he no sooner cast his Eye that way, but he found our Batchelor Captain, was in no danger of leading Apes. He discover'd him an old Soldier under *Cupid*'s Banner; for by a sad Token, he had been a loser in the Wars: But Eighteen Wives might do much, and so the Wonder is not so extraordinary.

And now, Reader, having thus handed our great Master Actor to his last Exit off the Stage, we shall only add a Fragment more to our History, by giving you his first Entrance upon it too. His Original was very obscure, and his first start into the World, was, in no higher a Post than a Journey-man Shoemaker, in which Character he liv'd some considerable time at *Worcester*, understanding so little of what he profest at *Banbury*, viz. *Chirurgery*, that he knew the Virtue of no other Plaister than his own Cobler's Wax. From that Imployment, he

took a Frolick to Sea; from whence returned, he came to *Swacky*, with the true Privilege of a Traveller, his Authority unqueſtionable, he talk'd Miracles both of his Voyages and Adventures. For Example, That he had made a Voyage to *Conſtantinople* and *Barbadoes*, (for Eaſt and Weſt were all one in his Geography;) and ſo amuſed the Country-People with his Rhodomontades, that they look'd upon him as a Prodigy of a Man. His great Art he profeſs'd was *Chirurgery*, (the little he had of it being indeed gotten on Ship-board;) and what with promis'd Wonders, and great Words, the common Cruteh of little Abilities, together with ſome Favours and Countenance received from Captain *Wickham*, (a common Charity from ſo worthy a Gentleman,) which very much heightned his Reception, he ſet up for a Chirurgeon; In which Station we began with him in our *Firſt Part*, and there we leave him.

And here we aſſure our Reader, that all theſe ſeveral Relations we have here made, are from as good and credible Authority as the beſt Information could give us. Nay, we have had a very great part of 'em from the Perſons own Mouths that were the ſuffering Parties in our Narrative. And that we have wholly endeavoured to follow Truth, the Reader may be pretty ſenſible, by our ſtaying near a Fortnight for the Publication of it; the Enquiries into matter of Fact being ſix times more work and trouble, than the Compoſing of our Hiſtory either was, or could be.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

BY a Letter dated *January* the 21st Instant, from a credible Hand, we have receiv'd a short Relation of the Man *Tom*, the famous *Sancho Pancho* to our deceased *Don Quixot*, so often mentioned in our *First Part*, and formerly so great a Sharer in his Master's Adventures.

This Squire to our late Knight Errant, through his long Service now grown Master of his Art, and consequently Setting up for himself, was then taken at *Putnam*, near *Godalming*, in *Surrey*, for Running away with an Heiress of 150 *l. per Annum*. This wealthy Heiress he had married in very good Season, our Bridegroom truly being not over-rich, (the common Fate of great Wits,) for he had hardly Mony enough to pay for his Marriage. However, accepted *for Richer, or Poorer*, he had Bedded her seven or eight Nights, and was so long pursued and hunted from place to place, before her Relations could catch him, being taken at last in Bed with her. The farther Particulars we are not yet inform'd.

FINIS.